

A New Frontier

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8793052) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/8793052>.

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| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Gravity Falls |
| Relationship: | Stanford Pines/Stamley Pines |
| Characters: | The Author Original Stanford Pines , Grunkle Stan Stanley "Stanford" Pines |
| Additional Tags: | Humor , Roleplay , Teen!Stans , Established Relationship , Marijuana , Dom/sub , Master/Slave |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2016-12-08 Words: 1,478 Chapters: 1/1 |

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Summary

“Alright,” Stan said, and leaned back. “Blackmail! Nice. So what’s with the coat?”

Ford cleared his throat. “What I am about to show you,” Ford said, “could change the very fabric of reality....”

Ford wants to try something new.

Stan was almost done with his card pyramid when their bedroom window opened and Ford crawled in, letting in a freezing gust of wind. Stan couldn't even be mad about his cards toppling over, for three reasons.

Reason #1: Ford just climbed in *through the window*, for no apparent reason, as it was only 9:30 and his curfew wasn't until 10.

Reason #2: Ford was wearing a different outfit than he left with, i.e. a long trench coat that was definitely not his.

Reason #3: Ford tripped on the way in and smacked face-first into the floor.

"That musta been some campaign," Stan said.

Ford laughed, a slightly manic sound, and sat up, moving too loosely, his glasses skewed on his face. "Stan," he said, "Stanley, Stan, Stan. You have to – sit still."

"Are you *drunk*?"

"Close. Don't tell Dad." He stood, keeping the trenchcoat closed. "There was..." He lowered his voice dramatically. "Marijuana."

"Alright," Stan said, and leaned back. "Blackmail! Nice. So what's with the coat?"

Ford cleared his throat. "What I am about to show you," Ford said, "could change the very fabric of reality. Stanley. Are you sitting?"

"I am sitting," Stan confirmed, having not moved. "Seriously, how did Bertie get his hands on weed?"

"His brother, in college? He gave him some. *Don't interrupt!*"

Stan snickered, but covered his mouth and gave a little nod. No more interruptions. He was ready to watch this nerdy car crash and burn. If only he could get some photographic evidence. Ah, well.

Ford cleared his throat. "Now, what I'm about to show you may cause you to have some irrational feelings. I must insist...I *must* insist! That you do what I say, exactly as I say it. Do you understand? Stanley?"

Stan gave a thumbs-up, his chest shaking from suppressing his laughter. "Got it," he squeaked.

Ford cleared his throat, lifted his head, and dropped the trenchcoat. Underneath, he was wearing *another god damn jacket*. Stan burst out laughing, so hard he wheezed and tears started to run down his face. Ford said, "Hey," feebly, once, then twice, and then, suddenly, he had a tight fist in Stan's hair and yanked his head up. Stan stopped laughing immediately.

Now that his full attention was on Ford, Stan could appreciate the full effect: It was a biker's leather jacket, and underneath he was wearing a black t-shirt that was a little too small for

him. He was wearing someone else's jeans. "Stop laughing," Ford said. It was so unnecessary that it almost made Stan start again, until Ford's hand twisted in his hair and Stan gasped. "I am...*shadow Ford*."

Yeah, okay. Stan cracked up all over again; Ford's grip on his hair had put Stan in an awkward position on the chair, and he ended up collapsing out of it onto the floor, holding his stomach and kicking his feet. Ford stood over him, frowning more and more. Stan almost felt bad. *Almost*. Except Ford had actually said the words *I am shadow Ford* to him. Out loud. Out loud! With *actual words*!

Then, Ford put his foot on Stan's chest and *slammed* him onto his back. He stood there, bearing his weight down on Stan, and Stan gaped at him, stunned again into silence. The laughter had made Stan flushed and a little dizzy. "Shit," he wheezed, "Sixer."

"Would you just play along for *once*?" Ford asked, scowling. "I'm trying to do something, here."

"Okay," Stan said. "I'm playing." Ford's foot shifted on Stan's chest. Then, slowly, he dragged it down Stan's shirt, down his stomach. "Ford," Stan said. The pressure of his foot relaxed as it moved down, down – Stan arched his back, wanting and not wanting to know what the *hell* Ford intended to do, how far down it would go. Just before his heel touched Stan's cock through his jeans, however, he lifted it and set it down between Stan's thighs. Stan could feel the tip of his shoe against the middle seam of his jeans.

Ford cleared his throat. He was beginning to blush, but it did very little to change the overall effect. "You," he said, slowly, "are my slave." Stan's cock twitched; he bit his lip to keep from making a noise. "And I just came back from a long mission. And – and you're going to –"

Stan sat up so fast he got a head rush. What the fuck *ever*; he needed to press his nose into Ford's zipper, needed to breathe in the smell of him and mouth at the soft curve of his cock through his pants. Ford jerked up on the balls of his feet and grabbed Stan's head. "Gonna what?" Stan asked. "What am I gonna do? Master?"

"Hell's bells," Ford said. "I did not expect that to be so erotic."

"Uh huh," Stan said, and nuzzled the line of Ford's zipper. "So? What're the marching orders, master?"

Ford fumbled for his jeans, but Stan had him beat, yanking his pants open and jerking them down over his hips. Ford was already hard, which was good; it made it easy for Stan to slot his mouth over the head of his cock and suck him down right to the back of his throat. Ford moaned, the sound so loud it startled Stan. He pulled off Ford's dick. "Hey hey, quiet!"

Ford nodded, covering his mouth. Then, without warning, he smacked Stan across the face. "Don't tell me what to do," he whispered.

Stan blinked. The pain mellowed into a slow, steady ache that moved with his pulse. Holy shit. He wanted Ford to do that again. He *really* wanted Ford to do that again. He nodded,

numbly, and pressed a kiss to the side of Ford's cock; Ford shivered and gasped. Stan, encouraged by the soft noise, pressed wet kisses up and down his brother's cock, sucking wetly at the side. He held Ford's hips tight, reveling in the subtle way his hips shifted and twitched at each kiss.

"Stan," Ford said, not quite whining. "Stanley, come on. Just – do it."

"Or what?" Stan asked. *Hit me*, he thought. *C'mon, Ford. Hit me.*

"Or *nothing*, just..." Ford slid his hand through Stan's hair, then tightened his grip, pinpricks of pain making Stan's hips stutter. He pushed Stan's open mouth onto his cock and started to grind against his tongue, shallowly face-fucking him.

Stan needed to find a weed dealer – he needed to make sure Ford was always high, unselfconscious and demanding, always knowing what he wanted. It was *so hot*, Stan fumbling with his jeans, not sure if he would get his dick out before he came, because Ford was starting to pound his face, and the black shirt was sticking to him with sweat, and he was making restrained little moaning noises and tugging Stan's hair, and –

Ford's come hit the back of his throat, hot and thick and bitter. Stan did what any good slave would – he swallowed, and swallowed, trying to take it all. When Ford was wrung out, shaking and panting, Stan wished he hadn't, wished he'd spit it out on Ford's shirt so Ford might hit him again. Maybe next time. Stan worked his own cock with quick strokes, staring up at Ford, not willing to take his mouth off of Ford's cock even as it softened in his mouth. Ford watched him, mouth open, eyes half-lidded.

It wasn't until Stan came that Ford knelt – Stan wondered if he knew what it was doing to him, to have Ford looming over him like that, watching, looking at the pink imprint of his hand on his cheek. They sat on the floor of their room, catching their breath, their knees touching. Stan swallowed.

"Shadow Ford?" Stan said, once he was sure that his voice would be steady. "Please tell me that's not a nerdy Star Walker thing."

Ford tried not to grin, his mouth twitching. "That was pretty bad," he admitted.

"It is, isn't it?"

"Shut up."

"Where did you even *get* those clothes, man?"

"Shut up," Ford said again, but he was laughing, now, and he slid his hand up Stan's cheek and into his hair. They kissed, Ford flicking his tongue into Stan's open mouth.

"Look like a reject from Greaser," Stan murmured. He pulled Ford into him by the lapels of his jacket. "Shoulda drawn an evil goatee on your face or somethin', at least."

"I'll keep that in mind for next time," he said.

Next time. Stan grinned, and kissed Ford, deep and eager. "You do that," he said. He wondered if it was possible to get a contact high just from this, because he felt like he was soaring, his body buzzing with pleasure. Next time, he thought, touching his own cheek, thinking of the scrape of Ford's shoe on his chest. Next time.

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